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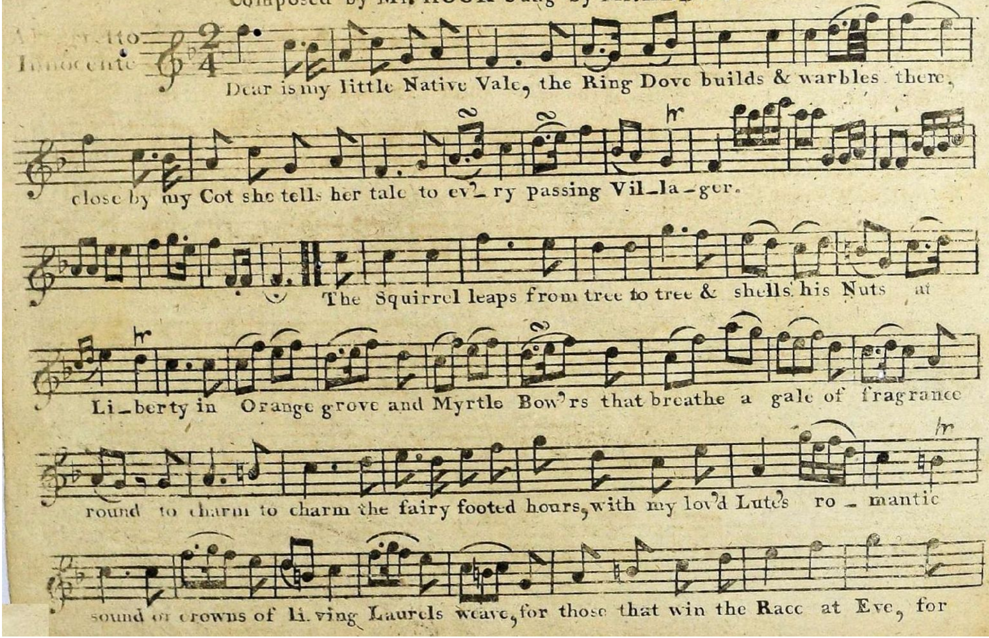
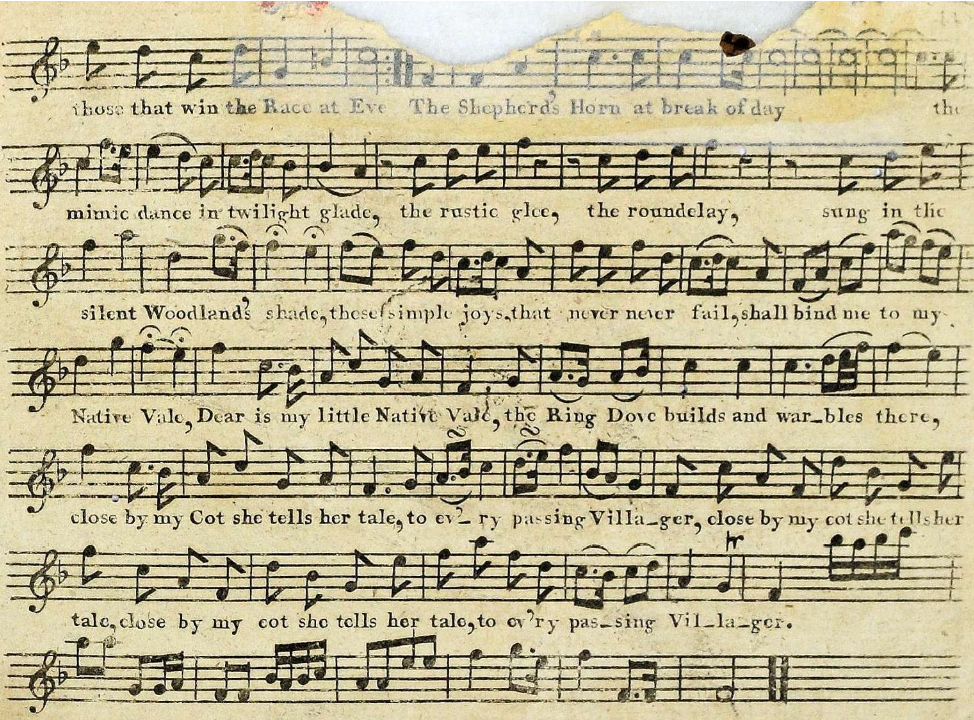
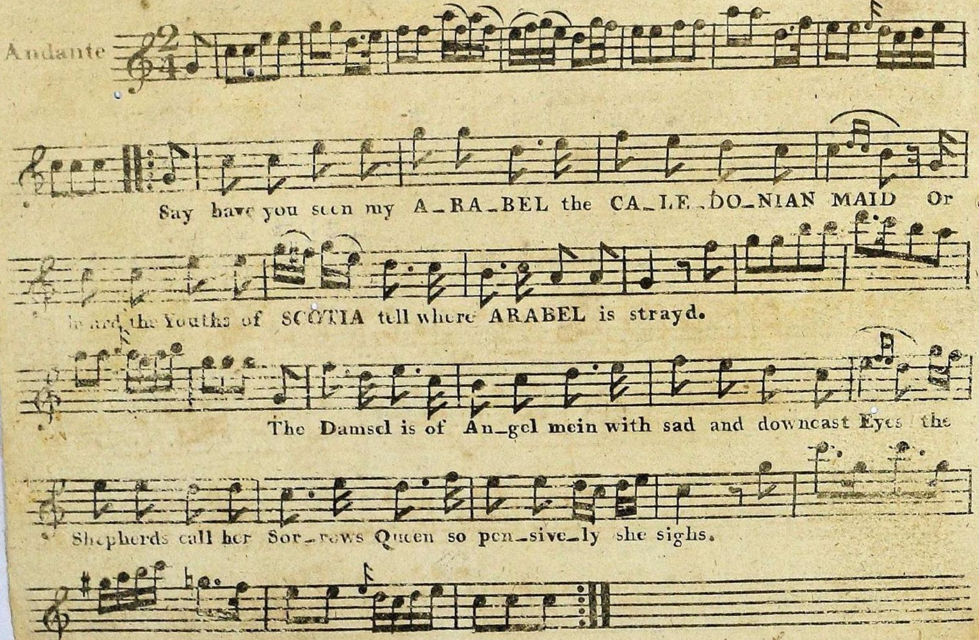
DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Composed by Mr. HOOK Sung by Mrs. ADDISON.




those that win the Race at Eve The Shepherd's Horn at break of day the
mimic dance in twilight glade, the rustic glee, the roundelay, sung in the
silent Woodland's shade, these simple joys, that never never fail, shall bind me to my
Native Vale, Dear is my little Native Vale, the Ring Dove builds and war_bles there,
close by my Cot she tells her tale, to ev'_ ry passing Villa_ger, close by my cot she tells her
tale, close by my cot she tells her tale, to ev'ry pas_sing Vil_la_ger.

ARABELLA or The … DONIAN MAID.



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But why those sighs so sadly swell,
Or why her tears so flow,
In vain theypress the lovely girl
This inmate cause to know;
Ere reason form'd her tender mind,
The Virgin learn'd to love,
Compassion taught her to be kind,
Deceit she was above.

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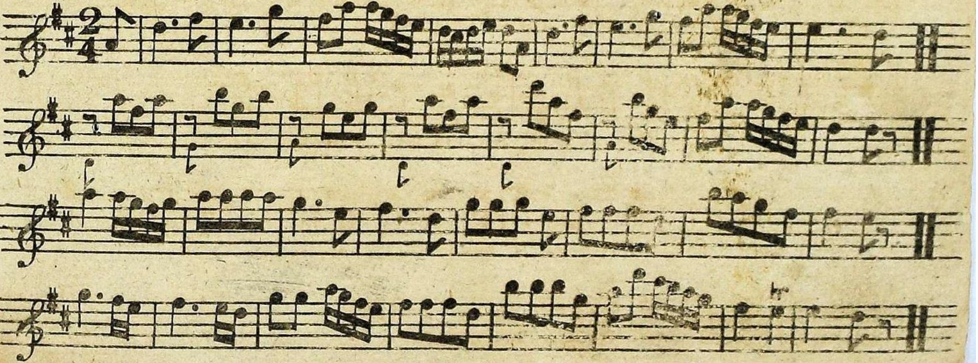
And had not war's terrific voice,
Forbid the nuptial bands,
'Ere now had Sandy been her choice,
And Hymen join'd our hands;
But since the Sword of war is sheath'd,
And peace resumes her charms,
My ev'ry joy is now bequeath'd,
To ARABELLA's arms.

KISS ME LADY.